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BY C. & C. ZARLEY

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NATURE'S RECORD.

BY MRS. HOPKINS.

There is a grief too deep for tears,
A thought that hath no speech;
His folded in the bosom's care,
Where voice nor eye can reach;
It doth not seek to be revealed,
It covets not the light,
But is content to linger there
In its eternal night.
And scorns the form of sympathy—
Its hollow pity hates,
That on the torn and bleeding heart
Its love of wonder sates.
But that one quiet, treasured grief,
That deep and speechless thought,
Is penciled on its owner's brow,
In lines that alter not.
It is not all who see can read,
The majestic language there;
But they whose own tried souls have
A lesson of despair,
They who have loved the world to feel
Keen disappointments sting;
And who have seen a last deep hope
Away on pinion's wing.
They who have risked their earthly all
Within a bark too frail,
And felt its heaving timbers break
In the first stormy gale,
All who have intellectual strength
To tear away the screen,
With which poor mortals hide their woes
Behind a careless mien,
Can see one little darksome spot
Upon the brow serene,
Where trembling words are written out
With many a blot between,
That he who wrote unwillingly
Would on his forehead wear—
But honest nature held the hand
That traced the record there.
And mingling with that silvery laugh
We hear that half-born sigh,
And see at times a wishful glance
Steal from the flashing eye,
That tells there's nought within its reach,
Hath power to make him blest—
And this poor show of mirthfulness
Hides not the souls unrest.
Oh! every forehead is a leaf,
Where nature's type has set,
The characters of joy or woe
Of peace, or of regret.
And he is wise who studies well
This page by nature penned,
Ere he presumes to praise or blame
Or cast away a friend.

For the Signal.

MEANS. EDITORS.—Justice to those who have discharged the duties of a public trust with exemplary zeal, and fidelity; demands of the conductors of the public press; honorable mention of the fact, to the end of according honor, to whom honor is due; as also a beacon to those who shall come after, that they go, and do likewise; ergo, a corner of your Journal is sought, to exhibit the unblemished spirit, with which at least, one trust has been executed in the Prairie State.

Full seven years since, as dates relate,
A man of worth, a Colonel called
To guard the timber of the State.
In power official was installed.
To show his purpose—guard his life
And prove his efforts, not in fun,
A huge Barbic Bowie knife
Prolonged his harmless little Gun,
Whilst riding 'round his charge to see,
And execute his trust,
Upon a burly Burr Oak tree
A clasp of thunder burst—
To see rails split of such a size
And whirling through the air,
The man astonished, rubbed his eyes!
And then began to swear—
"Such trespassing, I do not like,
'Tis to the Justice straight—"
For lightning, sure ought not to strike,
The timber of the State.

MNEMONIKA.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

PERILOUS PASSAGE OF THE GREAT WESTERN.—The Great Western on her last trip to New York encountered the gale of the 19th, and sustained some damage. The storm was a terrific one, and the passengers, 125 in number, were seriously alarmed. Religious services were performed during the existence of the storm, and the sacrament was administered to some 60 persons. After the danger was over, a letter of thanks to the captain and other officers of the ship was drawn up, and the sum of \$200 was raised to present to the officers and crew, of which the captain was asked to accept \$50. A fund was also started for the support of the widows and children of those who perish at sea, to be called the Great Western Fund.

A correspondent of the Tribune has a long account of the danger, from which we make the following extract:

It was wonderful to see how a few short hours changed the condition and feelings of all on board. The grades and distinctions incident to so large a company varying in social position, citizens of almost all countries, and professing different creeds, in the presence of so imminent danger, were almost instantly merged into one common emotion of awe, as we stood together in the court of the great leveler—Death. With this intense feeling which bound us together as one, came also another of an opposite and repelling character. Every heart was deeply occupied with its individual griefs and memories, as if not another shared the peril. Home, with its loved ones, and a thousand cherished hopes and joys, rose fresh to the view, and with a power like the storm swept over the mind, and left it like ocean, tempest-tossed and troubled. "Who," said a gentleman to me, "no one converses with no one reads—all are engaged each with his own thoughts; and if my wife and children were here, I confess my feelings would be of the most distressing character." "But," said I, "they suffer in your loss." "Very true; yet it is only a question of time, and whether sooner or later, God's will be done."

At noon, storm and sea raging in all its fury, sea still breaking over the ship, a heavy sea struck the starboard paddle, box and smashed it to atoms; the spring beam, breaking the under half shattered the parts of the ship attached thereto. A splinter struck the captain on the head, while standing on the poop, and the force of the blow, together with the sea, carried him over the lee quarter, and he was only saved by the nettings.

After this sea had passed over we found the water had gained on the pumps; the wind appeared to lull a little, and the ship a little easier, but still blowing a storm. All the hatches, except those made use of for passing into the engine room, were battered down, and the skylights partially covered. The weather continued the same until midnight, at which time it lulled for half an hour.

The log conveyed to the reader, some idea of the state of the ship and the effects of the storm on Sunday at noon. Its effects on those below can best be given in the words of a gentleman who remained in the greater part of the time in the cabin.

To convey an idea of the appearance of all around is out of my power. In the words of Sheridan, "the tempest raged in all the terror of its glory." The atmosphere was surcharged with a thick spray, rendering a look far out to seaward impossible. The wind howled, roared and belled, like the constant mutterings of tremendous height and volume rose in mad display around the ship, threatening every moment to break over us amidst ships and crush the vessel. Sea after sea striking us with terrific noise, caused the gallant ship to stop for an instant, tremble and shake in every timber, from her stem to her stern-post, reeling and lurching, tossed to and fro; again would she gather fresh strength, and with her wheels hid in the wild waters, again and again receive the thundering blows of an element that seemed armed for our destruction.

The sails on the yards strongly secured by ropes and gaskets, were blown from their furl and streamed out to leeward in ribbons! But all this was nothing. About 1 P. M. while most of us were seated in agonizing suspense in the lower cabin, holding fast to the tables and settees, a sea struck the vessel, and a tremendous crash was heard on deck. Instantly the cabin was darkened; and torrents of water came pouring down upon us through the skylights.

Scarcely had the waters reached the floor when all in the cabins and state-rooms sprang to their feet, and simultaneously, as if by concert, the ladies uttered a scream of agony, so fearful, and so despairing, the sound of it will never be forgotten; and Heaven grant that such a wail of an anguish may never again be heard by me. Several fainted—others clasped their hands in mute despair, while many called aloud upon their Creator.

The crash to which the writer alludes was caused by the tearing up of the benches and other wood work on the quarter deck. These were hurled with violence against the skylights, by the same sea which broke the windows of the saloon, drenching the berths on the larboard side, driving out their affrighted occupants, while it smashed by its weight the glass over the main cabin, and thus forced its way below.

This was a period of intense emotion. I was sitting in the upper saloon, striving to protect some ladies from injury. So violent were the shocks of the vessel, although firmly braced, it was with difficulty we could prevent ourselves from being hurled from our seats, and dashed with such violence against a part of the vessel, as to endanger life or limb. Many received severe contusions and bruises, notwithstanding all their efforts.

Twas an anxious hour. My eye wandered over the different groups in the saloon; resting one while on a father passing from one to another of his family, and cheering with a kind word an interesting group of daughters; then on a young wife, folded to the bosom of her husband without a syllable being uttered, but the action spoke volumes, and again upon a mother whose children had been left in America, as she clasped her hands as if in secret prayer, while her husband and her father gathered around, and all seemed bowed down to earth in one common feeling of tender solicitude for those who might soon become helpless orphans.

It was an awful hour. The most thoughtful among us covered in their secret heart before a danger which none

but a fool or a brute would have mocked and all therefore accepted the invitation to meet in the cabin for prayer.

The Indians at Washington.

We take from Bennett's Herald the following description of the Indians who recently passed through this city on their way to Washington.—Chicago Dem.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 29, 1843.

Yesterday, pursuant to invitation the Winnebago delegation Indians twenty-three in number, under the care of General Fletcher, and Mr. Lowery, interpreter, and company, waited upon the President. The red men had occupied a large portion of the morning at their toilet, painting their faces, greasing their hair, and arranging their feathers, beads, bells, bear claws, and trinkets. Some were decorated with medals, some with bracelets, and one or two with sword, and every man of them had his costume completed with a flaming scarlet blanket thrown over his shoulders.

After calling upon the Secretary of War and Col. Meilly, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, they were accompanied by the latter to the White House, and introduced to their Great Father, in his audience chamber. Officials and citizens, a large company, were present.

Upon shaking hands with the President, the delegation were seated in a semi-circle round the room, and after a short pause, his Excellency said to his red children, that he was glad to see them. He hoped they were pleased with their visit here, and would do every thing in his power to send them home satisfied. He would appoint commissioners to-morrow, who would meet with them upon the business they had come to settle the sale of their mineral lands in Iowa, and hoped that when they returned to their tribe, it would be with glad and cheerful hearts.

An exclamation of "A-yah!" in a low quick guttural voice, with a significant nod of the head, expressive of their approbation, passed around the line of red men in their red blankets.

Little Hill stepped forward from the line, walked up, shook hands with the President, stepped back, threw off his blanket, and in a rapid and eloquent manner expressed his satisfaction at the words of the Great Father; and after some general characteristic remarks, he gave way to a Short Whig, a tall fine looking fellow, with his face painted in a most imperial style, came forward with a long pipe in his hand, adorned with eagle feathers, and ornamented in a tasteful manner. Taking from his pouch at his side, a small parcel of kinny kenick (an herb which is generally smoked by the Western Indians) and lighting the pipe with it, said he came to give to his Great Father, this present from his brother, Winsoosheek, as the emblem of the peaceful relations subsisting between the tribe and their white brethren. Then lighting the pipe, he took a whiff, and passed it to the President, who whiffed it, and to each of the cabinet present, and the Indian Commissioner, and others who whiffed it. Short Whig further said that he wished a silver plate put on the pipe, with the name of the chief presenting it, the tribe, &c.; and that their Great Father should keep it as a pledge of peace, and that the Great Spirit, he hoped, would never be offended by its violation.

The President, in a happy manner, replied, expressing his earnest desire that the pipe of peace might continue to be smoked between his red and white children, while the snows fell in winter, or the prairies blossomed in the spring; and that the hatchet was buried between them forever.

After shaking hands, again with the President, the delegation retired, delighted with the parental bearing and good wishes of their Great Father.

This afternoon Mr. Mader, who has been in his hospitable keeping, at his hotel opposite the Union office on Avenue, gave them the privilege of a celebration to themselves, in a large room up stairs of their pipe and dances.

Stripped to their breech cloths, and painted and feathered in a most fantastic style, they went into the sport. The house shook with their rapid and measured circumgyrations; and their screams and fearful yells soon attracted a crowd of many hundreds in the broad area in front of the chamber where these barbaric orgies were progressing. Had a dozen buffaloes been turned loose in the room, with an hundred wild cats, they could scarcely have raised a wilder uproar than they did some twelve or fifteen of these delighted Winnebagoes. They promised to repeat the pastime, in which event we shall give you a more extended description.

In a certain town not more than fifty miles from Boston, as the clergyman was holding forth in his usual drowsy manner, one of his aged hearers, probably influenced by the narcotic qualities of the discourse, fell into a doze. The preacher happening to use the words, "What is the price of all earthly pleasures?" the good old man who kept a small store of merchandise, immediately answered, "Seven and sixpence a dozen, or in cash, or eight shillings in barter."

The Battles at Monterey.

We give below two interesting letters from the correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune, giving more of the particulars of the brilliant achievements of our gallant arm before Monterey.

BISHOP'S PALACE.

Monterey, Mexico, Sept. 21.

Gentlemen:—This is the fourth day since the battle of Monterey commenced. On the 20th, at noon, Gen. Worth marched from the camp east of the town in the direction of the high west of the town. McCulloch's and Gillespie's companies of rangers, forming the reconnoitering party. At night the division bivouacked almost within range of the guns stationed on the highest point of the hill, on which the Bishop's palace is situated. At daylight on the 21st the column was again in motion, and in a few moments was turning the point of a ridge which protruded out towards the enemy's guns, bringing as near to them as their guns could desire. They immediately opened upon the column with a howitzer and 32-pounder, firing shells and round shot as fast as they could discharge their pieces. The round shot wound inwards a gorge, but not far enough to be out of range of their guns, which still played upon us. Another ridge lay about three-fourths of a mile beyond the first, around the termination of which the road wound bringing it under the lofty summit of a height which rises between Palace Hill and the mountains, which arises over us on the west. When the head of the column approached this ridge a body of Mexican cavalry came dashing around the point to charge upon our advance. Capt. Gillespie immediately ordered his men to dismount and place themselves in ambush. The enemy evidently did not perceive this maneuver, but the moment they came upon the Texans opened on them a most effective fire, unsparring a number of them. McCulloch's company now dashed into them—Capt. Smith's artillery (acting as infantry) and Lieut. Longstreet's company of the 8th Infantry, with another company of the same regiment likewise charged upon the enemy. The Texan horsemen were soon engaged with them in a sort of hand to hand skirmish, in which a number of the enemy fell, and one Texan was killed and two wounded. Col. Duncan now opened upon them with his battery of light artillery, pouring a few discharges of grape among them, and scattering them like chaff. Several men and horses fell under this destructive fire. I saw one horse and rider bound some feet into the air and both fell dead and tumbled down the steep. The foot companies above named then rushed up the steep and fired over the ridge at the retreating enemy; a concealed from our view, around the point of the hill. About thirty of the enemy were killed in this skirmish, and among them a Captain who, with two or three others, fell in the road. The Captain was wounded in three places, the last shot hitting him in the forehead. He fought gallantly to the last, and I am sorry that I cannot learn his name. The light batteries one of which is commanded by Lieut. Macall, were now drawn up on the slope of the ridge, and the howitzers opened upon the height of Palace Hill.

A few shells only were thrown before the enemy commenced firing with a nine pounder from the height immediately over the right of the column, aiming at Duncan's batteries. The several regiments took positions, and a few more shells were thrown towards Palace Hill, but did no execution. The nine pounder continued to throw its shot, with great precision, at our batteries, one ball falling directly in the midst of the pieces, but fortunately, hitting neither men nor guns. Finding his batteries thus exposed, and unable to effect anything, Col. Duncan removed his command to a ranch about half a mile further up the Saltillo road, where Gen. Worth took up his position, after ordering the foot regiments to form along the fence, near the point of the ridge. The artillery battalion, 5th, 7th and 8th infantry, and the Louisiana volunteers remained in this position about two hours, directly under the fire of the enemy's guns (now two). The balls fell directly in their midst all this time without wounding a man! To begin with the Mexicans manage their artillery in battery as well as the Americans do—this, I believe, is now conceded by every officer. At half-past 10 the column moved towards the General's position. At this time Capt. McKavett, of the 5th Infantry, was shot through the heart by a nine pound ball, and a private of the 5th Infantry was so severely wounded in the thigh that he died the next morning. About fifty Mexicans now appeared upon the hill side, over the moving columns, and fired at our troops some hundred musket shot without doing any harm. The division deployed into the positions pointed out and remained an hour or two, when Capt. C. F. Smith, of the artillery battalion, with two companies (his own and Capt. Scott's) and four companies Texan Rangers on foot, were ordered to storm the second height. This the gallant officer cheerfully undertook, and was followed with enthusiasm

by the officers and men of his command. It was considered on all sides to be a most dangerous undertaking, and this party was considered, most emphatically, a forlorn hope. That the height would be taken no one doubted, but that many brave fellows would fall in the attempt seemed inevitable. The distance to be climbed, after reaching the foot of the hill, was about a quarter of a mile; a part of the way was almost perpendicular, and through thorn bushes and over sharp-pointed rocks and loose sliding stones.

The 7th infantry, commanded by Capt. Miles, was ordered to support Capt. Smith's party, and by marching directly to the foot of the height, arrived before Capt. Smith, who has been ordered to take a circuitous route. Capt. Tiller sent up Lieut. Gantt with a detachment of men, upon the hill side, to divert the attention of the enemy from Capt. Smith's command, which could not yet be seen. The 7th had already sustained a heavy fire of grape and round shot, as they forced the San Juan, which winds around the foot of the height, which fell like a shower of hail in their ranks, without killing a man. Lieut. Gantt's party were greeted with grape and round shot which cut the shrubs and tore up the loose stones in the ranks without killing any one; but the gallant young officer came within an inch of being killed by a cannon ball, which raked down the steep and filled his face with fragments of rock, dust and gravel. This fire was accompanied by a constant discharge of musketry, the enemy covering the upper part of the hill side, but the detachment continued to move up, driving the Mexicans back until they were recalled. Capt. Smith's party now arrived and moved up the hill, the Rangers in advance, and did not halt for an instant until the Mexicans were driven from the summit. Whilst this was going on, Col. Persifer F. Smith, who commanded the 5th and 7th infantry—the 5th, which Blanchard's Louisiana boys, under Maj. Martin Scott, had been ordered to support the whole—gave orders for these commands to pass round on each side and storm the fort which was situated about half a mile back of the summit, on the same ridge, and commanded Bishop's Palace. Such a foot race as now ensued has seldom, if ever, been seen; the Louisiana boys making the tallest kind of strides to be in with the forlorn. Capt. Smith had the guns, which he took upon the height, run down towards the breastworks and fired into it. Then came Col. P. F. Smith's men, with a perfect rush, firing and cheering—the 5th and 7th and Louisianians reaching the ridge above nearly at the same time. The Mexicans fired at them with grape but it did not save them, or cause an instant's hesitation in our ranks. Our men ran and fired, and cheered, until they reached the work, the foremost entering at one end, whilst the Mexicans, about 1,000 in number, left the other in retreat. The colors of the 5th Infantry were instantly raised, and scarcely were they up before those of the 7th were alongside. The three commands entered the fort together, so close was the race—the 5th, however, getting an advance in first, J. W. Miller, of Blanchard's company, was among the first four or five who entered. The three commands may be said to have come out even in the race, for the 7th was not five seconds behind. In less than five minutes the gun found in the fort was thundering away at the Bishop's Palace! More ammunition was found than our troops will use with the three guns that were captured. One of the guns was found concealed. They are nine-pound brass pieces! Several miles, and half-a-dozen beautiful tents, were likewise captured. Killed, none. Wounded, in 7th Infantry, Lieutenant Potter, bullet through the calf of the leg; Order-Sergeant Harder, of C. company; Corporal S. P. Oakley, severely in the thigh. Oakley is from New York city, and a very intelligent, well educated man, as well as a good soldier. Private White—the same who captured the Mexican officer's trunk at Merin, and who received it and its contents from Gen. Taylor—wounded in the head. Fifth Infantry, killed, none; wounded—Lieut. Rosell, in the arm; Sergeant Major Rand, badly in the thigh, musket ball. Privates, McManus and Grubb, slightly wounded—Sergeant Up-tergraph, color bearer, distinguished him self by his gallantry.

Thus was this brilliant coup de main made almost without bloodshed. I have not time now to give the particulars of this glorious affair. Capt. C. F. Smith was in the advance, with McCull, at the battle of Resaca de la Palma, and is one of the most gallant and accomplished officers in the army—so say all his fellow officers whom I have heard speak of him. P. F. Smith—Gen. Smith of Louisiana—distinguished himself on that occasion, as did Major Scott and Capt. Miles, and, in truth, every officer and man did his duty nobly.

The gallant conduct of Capt. Blanchard and Lieut. Tenbrink, and the two brothers Nicolls, is praised by all the officers who were there. In truth the Louisiana boys have fought well for four days, and I assure you, as Gen. Worth's report will bear me out in saying, and as every officer in the second division will testify, that this corps has distinguished